



THE DENTAL DIGEST

JUNE 1913

VOL. XIX NO. 6

EDITED BY

GEORGE WOOD CLAPP, D.D.S.

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THE DENTAL DIGEST

GEORGE WOOD CLAPP, D.D.S., Editor

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Vol. XIX

JUNE, 1913

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The Sylvia.

AWAY DOWN IN MAINE

By W. F. DAVIS, D.M.D.,
NEW YORK CITY

YES, I hated my patients; I hated everybody who spoke to me; I hated my business; I almost had murder in my heart toward any timid, nervous patient; I was a nervous wreck; my nerves fairly shrieked their protest against any sudden or loud noise; I could not sleep nights; I could not eat; I was irritable, unsocial, morose.

Looked like a bad case, didn't it? I knew what the difficulty was, but I wouldn't admit it. I went to the doctor.

He said: "You're a fool! A bigger fool than I thought you capable of being. You know what is the matter, just as well as I do. Why do you love the Almighty Dollar so much and your health so little? You are spending your health for the sake of making a few more dollars. Get out of here! You make me tired, you money grubber. Go somewhere and rest. Get away from the business and noise and so many people. Don't let me see you again for two months." I went, meekly.

I did not want to go, but once started I was in feverish haste to

get somewhere. I didn't care exactly where, as long as it was a place of rest. My first impulse was Maine, and I acted at once. In three hours I was on a steamer and the next morning in Portland. Then by rail to Rockland. There a little steamer, so small and so spick-and-span clean that it seemed like a toy steamboat, took me and wound



The Bungalow and what I saw from my window every morning.

in and out among little islands and along rocky coasts. The setting sun cast a many-colored radiance over everything; a few gulls floated lazily overhead or as lazily rose in flight as our little boat slid through the water toward them. It was beautiful; it was peaceful; it was rest-



Mabel's Point—a sightly place.

ful. In four hours we reached the Haven of Great Rest. Of course it has another name, but we'll call it The Haven.

The Captain was waiting. He was no longer young, but the years had dealt lightly with him. His cheeks were ruddy and his gray-blue eyes were bright and kindly. Truly, the Captain was just the man to



Who should worry?

inspire restfulness in a restless man. A short drive, a bit of home cooking, a "good night" and my "time of rest" began. My first night's rest was broken. The night was so distressingly quiet. To a New Yorker such stillness was positively uncanny. I was nervous lest such calm presaged some terrible storm. At last I slept.

The next morning, "Get up, you sluggard! I'm up, why aren't you?" Old Sol was peering into my window, "'way down in Maine."



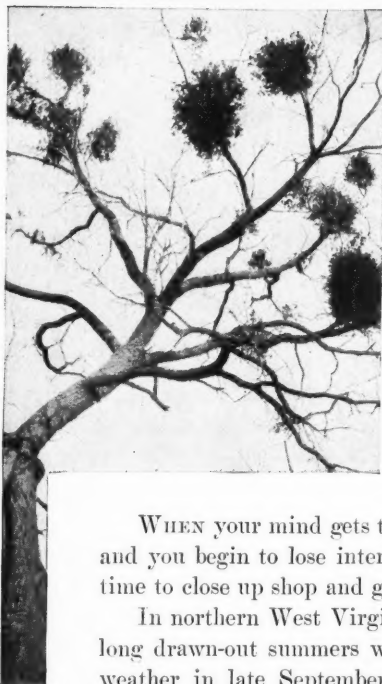
A long line of beach. Countless clams are secreted in its depths.

His face was big, and round and shining, and looked inviting. I got up to see what he was smiling about. From my window I looked across a field to the bay, shining silver, under the sun, beyond the bay, the fields, the hills, the ocean in the distance. A great stillness over everything, except the songbirds. Not a person in sight. It was scandalously early in the morning, but I hustled into my clothes and hurried out. Down through the orchard, to the well with the big sweep and the real "Old oaken bucket." Through the pine grove, with its life-giving balsamic smell, to the beach. It was ideal. At that moment I forgot business, care, worry, everything except the loveliness and rest of the place. For nearly a week I spent most of my days basking in the sunshine on the sand of the beach or the turf of the fields. My Mother Earth was giving me strength.

Then I began the real business of building up. Every morning when the sun looked in at my window, I hustled into my clothes, my old clothes. I discarded all head covering and all superfluous clothing. I roamed the fields, the woods, the sea, as free as the air. I constituted myself purveyor to the table. I dug clams. Say, brother, did you ever dig a bushel of clams? For an exercise to develop the muscles of the back, it is immense. I fished for "pan fish," flounders, perch and divers other of the finny tribe. I set lobster traps, and my success or failure was a subject for great concern by all the rest of the houseful. I picked bushels of berries, black, blue and huckle. I rowed about the bay, I sailed "outside" with the Captain, when we caught cod, bluefish and other large fish. I spent all my days in the open, and my nights in the deep, sweet sleep that comes when wooed from Nature.

I came for a month. I stayed three. I came away from my office a nervous and physical wreck. I went back full of strength and vigor, a new man. Work seemed like play to me. Nerves! I had none. The Haven of Great Rest! Truly, it was a Haven, for a worn, tired, nerve-racked man, and truly he found Great Rest.





The
Mesquite
Tree

A HOWL FROM TEXAS

By

DONLEY M. STEELE, D.D.S.,
CISCO, TEXAS

WHEN your mind gets to discussing the vacation question and you begin to lose interest in the things about you, it is time to close up shop and get out into the open.

In northern West Virginia last year we had one of those long drawn-out summers which found us still enjoying fine weather in late September. I had a two weeks' vacation earlier in the year, among the foothills and trout streams of the Cheat Mountains, and I had no complaint to make of the good times and fisherman's luck, but it seemed long ago.

Letters had been coming regularly from an old friend, a dentist in Texas, telling of the wonders of the Lone Star State and insisting on my paying him a visit. As a result, I found myself on a train pointed toward the great Southwest. I chose my own route and took my time to it, using only local tickets from one city to another, so I could enjoy sight-seeing stop-overs. These stops en route were well worth while, including, as they did, Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, Memphis, Little Rock, Fort Worth and many smaller places of interest.

My kodak was always at hand and I have a nice collection of pictures to illustrate each step of the trip.

October 6th I arrived at my destination, a little "one-story" town where my friend, Dr. J. J. Reavis, made a specialty of enjoying life and practised dentistry as a side line. The real vacation of my life began immediately. I found that the average Texan possessed the famed Southern hospitality compounded with a Western freedom, frankness and friendliness that appealed to me very strongly.

They have a regular routine programme in store for all "up-State folks" who come to Texas. The second degree on the "Road to Jericho" is very tame, compared to the welcome native Texans accord a "Tenderfoot." I was a tenderfoot with both feet. Good-naturedly, I tried to perform the stunts demanded of me, such as "Pulling the Badger," "Riding the Unbroken Broncho," and several other things, which we will call "State Secrets" and show you when you come.

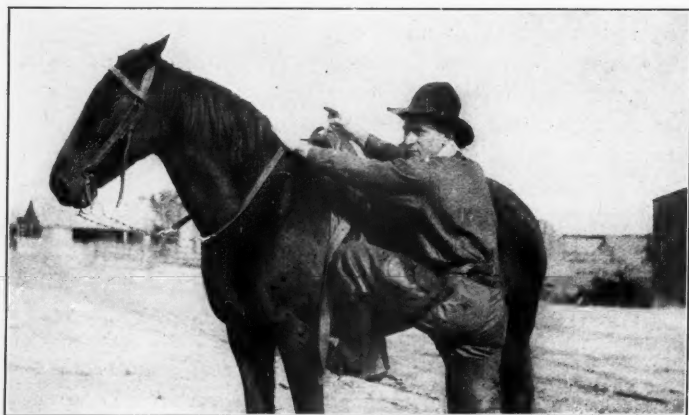
The long-eared jack-rabbit and quail were plentiful enough to be easy marks and we could fill a bag any morning before breakfast, but wolf hunting attracted me more than the lure of the smaller game, and we spent many nights behind the hounds, in quest of coyotes.

Our most successful wolf hunt took place the night before Thanksgiving. Twelve of us, with 12 hounds, started.

It was a bright moonlight night and I was mounted on a good pony, well trained to follow the hounds so that my "tenderfootedness" did not prevent me from holding my own with some others of more experience. We had traveled only a few miles from town when our dogs took up a scent. Away they went, with yelp and whine, and the chase was on. The ground over which we traveled was exceedingly rough and most of it thick with "brush."

Perhaps you can imagine the excitement of riding a running horse through the brush on a moonlight night, jumping over boulders and beds of cactus, swaying from side to side or down on the pony's neck to dodge the branches of Scrub Oak and Mesquite, while all the time, in front of us, we could hear the baying of the hounds and the prolonged howl of the wolves.

Our pack, of course, made better time than our ponies, and as the



About starting for the hunt.

chase wore on, we were far in the rear, so far at times that we were compelled to stop and listen carefully for a distant howl to give us our bearings. However, the wolves frequently made wide detours, and by cutting across we sometimes found ourselves very close to the game.

On two occasions, when the wolves became cornered and hard pressed, they turned on the dogs and fought their way through our lines, leaving our dogs much the worse for such encounters.

One fine sight of that kind took place on a hillside, just as day was breaking and we had a good view of it. There were five wolves in the pack and about halfway up a steep hill they came upon a long ledge of rock which stopped their progress.

We are told that wolves and dogs belong to the same family, and if true, we will admit that a very serious bit of family trouble was on the docket that instant. When the wolves turned, there was a mixup beyond description, the snarling and snapping, howling and fighting mass came tumbling down the hillside, almost at our feet, but the encounter was of short duration, for the wolves got through, and breaking pack they went in different directions, leaving our dogs bleeding and for an instant wondering what had struck them.

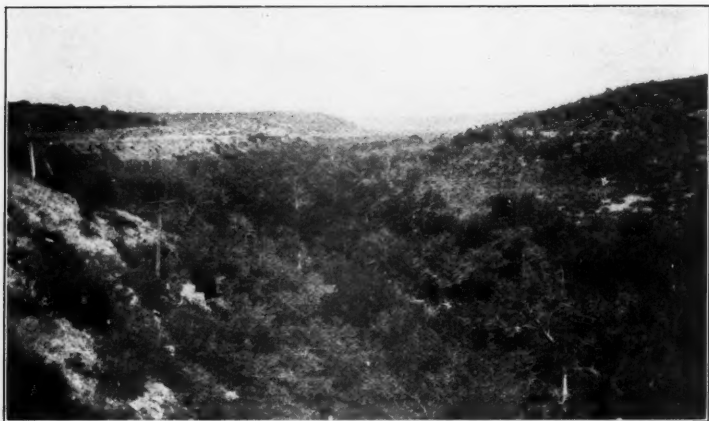
One hound was unable to take up the chase again, but the rest were off in the direction taken by two of the coyotes.

We then let the hunt take care of itself while we built a fire and with beefsteak broiled on forked sticks and bread from our pockets, we tried in vain to satisfy our appetites.

After breakfast we could hear a faint baying, far off to the westward, and started in that direction. Following the sound for two hours, this way and that, sometimes nearer and sometimes beyond our hearing, we at last saw them—two wolves and only six of our original twelve dogs, —coming down a slope almost in our direction but far away.



"It was a bright moonlight night, and I was mounted on a good pony."



Our chase led us over rough ground.

As we sped our ponies and drew nearer we could tell by the slow gait of wolf and dog that the chase was near an end.

The wolves were nearly exhausted and fast using up that last spurt of energy that can be drawn on, only in desperation. Our dogs were in little better condition and only the fact that they outnumbered their prey, three to one, led us to feel that they would win the day.



Our pup wolf—"as playful as a kitten."

There was little or no fight at the finish, the hindmost wolf fell into a bed of prickly pear cactus and after a feeble effort to regain his feet, among the snapping dogs, he gave up the ghost.

The other wolf, which had advanced about two rods and closely pressed by three dogs, turned squarely to put up a last fight, but it was no use. After congratulating ourselves on the success of the chase and skinning the wolves, we started homeward.

It was only a short distance from where the chase ended that I found my pet—a wee bit of a pup wolf, scampering through

the bushes. He was hard to catch, but with the help of our tired dogs, we finally had him secured and uninjured, caged in a bag and tied to the horn of my saddle.

After getting him into town and applying regular doses of patient missionary training we have been able to inspire him with a surprising degree of civilization and he is a pet to be proud of.

He requires no tether except at night, a precaution we take simply as a reminder that the neighbor's chickens are not for him.

A beautiful animal, as playful as a kitten and almost as domesticated. We often take him into the country, where he greatly enjoys a run and play over the hills, willing to come at our call and making no attempt to escape.

I put an appropriate finish on my Texas vacation with a splendid sea voyage from Galveston to New York and thence by rail to my West Virginia home, where I packed my dental outfit and came back to Texas to stay.

FISHIN' ON THE GUADALUPE

By J. E. GRINSTEAD

I'm a-fishin' on the Guadalupe, a cool an' shady spot,
With cotton line an' rusty hook an' sinker made of shot.

The Black Bass are bitin' an' the banks are full of flowers,
Nature's music's softly hummin' in a thousan' sylvan bowers.

I'm a-smokin' an' a-dreamin' of the days of long ago,
When life was glad an' pleasant. an' th' wa'n't no grief nor woe.

Ain't no past, ain't no future, ain't no nothin' but the breeze,
A whisp'rin' an' a sighin' through the wavin' cypress trees.

A mockin' bird's a-singin' in an oak across the way,
The crimson gold of sunset marks the closin' of a day

That's been happy, mighty happy, plum' full of laughin' joy,
That took me back to childhood, to the days when I's a boy,

To times when nature called me an' I didn't know her voice,
But with hook and line went fishin', a matter of sweet choice.

This day has been so pleasant, been so kinder sweet an' sad,
Yet I couldn't feel no sorrow, 'cause I been so awful glad

To be a boy again, a-fishin', brimful of joy and life,
An' to have this day for treasure through years of toil an' strife.

When I get back to the city, with its crowd and busy thrall,
I'm goin' to keep this picture hangin' on sweet mem'ry's wall;

An' when troubles, like an army, through my tired brain shall troop,
I'll remember this day's pleasure, "Fishin' on the Guadalupe."

—Grinstead's Magazine (Practical Dental Journal).



The Club House seen across the eighteenth green.

THE GOLF FAIRIES

By GEORGE WOOD CLAPP, D.D.S., NEW YORK

WHEN the first warm days of spring wake the sleeping life in grasses and trees, my friends, the golf fairies, come winging through the office window and whisper into my willing ears invitations to their home.

They are putting it in order. They have wakened the grasses on fair and putting greens. The ground is full of moisture which the roots are drinking and using in growth. Here and there they have roused a lily to push away its winter bed clothes of old leaves and stick up its head in some out-of-the-way corner, to delight you when you stray from the beaten path, as a mother rewards with a cookie the well-doing child.

The brooks are running full, making beautiful eddies and whirls, reflecting the lights of the summer sky and singing the song of the busy, happy worker. And overhead soft fleecy clouds make pictures in the sky.

The fairies know this ought to interest men. They know well enough that while man must toil and subdue the earth, and buy his wife new hats and himself an Easter suit, God did not mean him to be a beast of burden, chained to his task with neither outlook nor refreshment. He was meant to refresh himself, after proper toil, with the beauties of earth and sea and sky.

So I welcome the fairies as friends who seek to do me good. I

listen to their pleadings in the new tone. For on pleasant days in winter they talked only of physical refreshment, of the world of nature asleep under its soft blanket of white, and of the few hours of warm sun. I yielded then and went for what they had to offer. Now I listen to their new story. And something in me awakens and welcomes their tale. They urge me to abandon the task in hand and go with them. My interest in work moves with leaden feet. Skill is gone from my head and my hands. And finally I shut the office door, and with the feeling of a boy let out of school, follow the golf fairies.

As I grow older, and watch men work, I come more and more firmly to believe that one of the best investments a man can make is in health. If it must be health or wealth, give me health. And to my mind nothing builds health better than out-door life. It beats the smoky air of a

The brooks are running full.



Watching the game.

billiard room, or the breath-laden air of the theater. And moderate exercise in such air, especially if accompanied by the stimulation of real pleasure, is for the man who is approaching middle age, or is already middle aged or more, one of the best means of prolonging efficiency and life.

I didn't know we Americans were such fools on the subject of work. Probably we are made so by the complex character of our lives, by the fact that we estimate a man's success largely by the kind of house he lives in, the money he spends, and whether he walks, drives his own car, or has a chauffeur. Then, too, in this country, one may rise in the social scale as far as his resources permit. And if we don't care to rise, our women folks usually



On No. 2 Tee.

want to raise us. And that takes more work to earn more money, to rise higher, etc.

I didn't know so many of us keep at our work, without proper relaxation, until we die in the harness at ages when we should be at our best. But one year, when I went for a winter vacation, I learned of six men who went to that one hotel regularly, who had died during the past year, mostly from overwork, at ages of from 60 to 65. They couldn't have done worse if they had been horses in treadmills, for they died at their posts. That doesn't sound well to me. Some day I'll be 65, if I live long enough, and I want that time to find me as it has found friends

of mine who have taken intelligent care of themselves.

And so when the fairies come through the window and invite me out to be their playfellow for a few hours, and promise that they will help burn up the waste material that has accumulated in my body and is making me old, I turn an attentive ear. And as often as possible I yield to their wooing and hie myself to the long rolling sweep of the fair green, the murmurs of the brooks that cross the links here and there and from which I sometimes have to fish my ball, and the long vistas of trees, broken here and there with the mottled gray of old stone walls.

I come in tired. But it isn't the tired of the office. There is no exhaustion to it. I am neither white of face, nor burnt out of nerves, nor too tired of stomach to digest my dinner. The tonic shower bath has sent the blood tingling through the skin. I'm hungry. And dinner is followed by early bed



Two hundred and fifty yards or "bust."

and refreshing sleep. And when I return to the office next morning, five years have slipped away. So when the fairies come through the window that day I can say to them, "I can't go to-day, but we had a delightful time yesterday, didn't we?" And they answer me "yes" and go about their task of inviting out for similar refreshment some other worker who needs to have body and brain and courage renewed. And they leave me happy because I feel so well, because the task I must do is no longer a burden, but an opportunity; and because I know that when the brain and fingers lag again, my friends, the fairies, will come once more and take me to their fountain of youth and there renew me for a season.

Such time is not lost for men who are closely confined, as we dentists are. Our habits of thought sometimes grow narrow. Our positions are often cramped. We take too little exercise. We give play to our imaginations only along narrow lines. And it seems to me that imagination, more than any other quality, differentiates us from the beasts of the field. Certainly imagination and the power to bring one's imaginings to pass is the distinguishing mark of the capable mind.

I have read elsewhere that dentists live fifteen years less, on the average, than physicians. I think this is because our work is not sufficiently varied, because we do not get out of doors enough.

Perhaps you think that play is beneath the dignity of a grown man. You may think that it belongs to the age of childhood and is for your children. Get that notion out of your brain as quickly as possible and never let it come back. If you've forgotten how to play, learn again before the play cells atrophy in your brain. For when you've gotten to where you cannot learn to play, you're old.

Play isn't a matter of years. At fifty you may not care to tear around like a boy of ten. I'm not fifty yet and I don't care for the



The bunker on the fifth hole.

The back of the fifth Tee.



endless running and climbing of my boy of ten. But when the day comes that I don't take any interest in play, I'm going to fix myself a comfortable place by the fireside and buy my good wife a set of knitting needles and say: "Sit down and rest, dear. This is the beginning of the end. We're old now." And when she gets too old to join my play, she'll know she is really old.

One of the advantages of golf is that it can be played with nearly equal success by men of any age, and in pretty nearly any kind of physical condition. Only yesterday I saw on the links a man with one leg fully three inches shorter than the other. Another friend of mine has a weak ankle, and one a weak knee. I have played with deaf men, with men who were nearly blind, with men who had only one good arm, and men who had only one arm. And none of them were to be despised as players, or

forgotten for a moment by him who desired to win.

I do not mean the man of sixty-five plays the same kind of a game as he does who is twenty-five and full of vigor. The young man steps up to the tee and smashes out drives of perhaps 250 yards, while the older man may not drive more than 150 to 160. But every once in a while one of these wonderful drivers pulls or hooks his shot into an unfavorable place, and then the steady player passes him on the second shot, or is nearly up.

And the nearer one gets to the putting green, the last smooth place about the hole into which the ball must be put, the more these steady old players shine. For here skill, as exhibited in the direction and distance of shot, counts more than brawn. And their steady old heads and calm deliberation send the ball on its way with an accuracy which, often enough, defeats the younger man.

On the putting green the straight putt with proper speed is what counts. The two-inch putt that sinks the ball in fewer strokes counts just as much as the longest drive that the youngster can make. So the game is open to you no matter what your age.

Golf does not interfere with business nearly so much as its benefits would justify. At this time of the year the late afternoon hours are pleasantest. In the mid-summer days, when the hours from 9 to 4 are

hot, the game played from 4.30 or 5 to 7 in the evening is full of delights which were not possible under the blaze of the sun high in the heavens.

I have a dentist friend whose physique I admire. Five years ago he was nearly a wreck. He could not go away. He could not work. But he began by closing his office at 4 p.m. three days a week during the hot weather. By 4.30 he was on the links. At 7 he was at dinner. He is now the picture of health. And he has done nothing but listen to the golf fairies, allowed himself to be wooed by them, and permitted them to rebuild his nearly worn-out frame.



One stroke to win.

Don't confine your recreation to a vacation. They may be a benefit and a delight. But when you hear the golf fairies inviting you out into the sunshine and fresh air, to the beauties of hill and dale which they know so well and are willing to share with you, and to the health and vigor they wish to impart to your tired mind and body, welcome them as friends. Let them lead you to the places they love and which you can learn to love. And there let them breathe into your life the rejuvenation they keep in store.

And a summer of this will be a summer spent in the preservation of Youth.

This is the song of the Yellowthroat
Fluttering gaily beside you;
Hear how each voluble note
Offers to guide you.

*Which way, Sir?
I say, Sir,
Let me teach you!
Are you wishing
Jolly fishing?
This way, Sir!
I'll teach you.*

—"The Angler's Reveille," Henry Van Dyke.

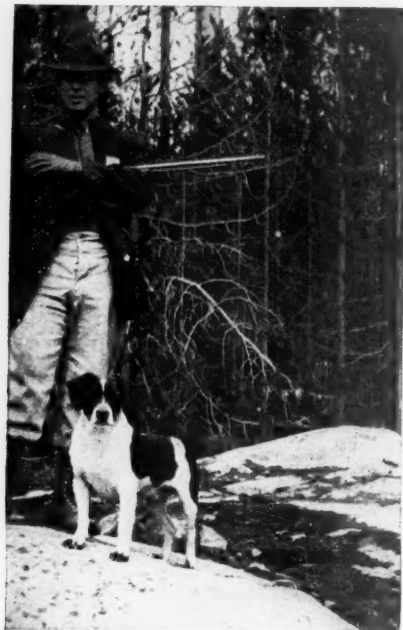
A PLEA FOR FUTURE VACATIONS

H. F. HUGHES, D.D.S., IONE, WASH.

This suggestion about stocking streams to which we can return is excellent. I was the guest of an English country gentleman last summer. He takes as good care of his trout stream as of his stock. And in a country which has been fought over and hunted over for 1,000 years he still has shooting and fishing at his own door.

It is laying up pleasure treasures for the future.—EDITOR.

HELLO, fellows! "Here we are again"; and it's vacation time. Will we take ours? Well, I guess Yes; anyway, every mother's son of us should. We owe it to God, to our families and to ourselves to take a vacation every year.



Hunting for Blue Grouse.

First: How can we know and appreciate the beauty and grandeur of this fine old earth unless we get out of doors occasionally?

Second: How in the name of conscience can we get thoroughly acquainted with our families when we get practically no time free from business cares. Take a vacation and let your families go along. Show *them* you "are a Good fellow."

Third: We owe it to ourselves. How can we get over the grouch we all have unless we take a vacation? Make it long enough so you will be

anxious to get back to work. Do it once and it "will do itself next year."

By the way, fellows, are we doing anything toward making "vacation time" more pleasurable, such as stocking streams and lakes with fish and trying to conserve the game birds and animals?

There's a pleasure all its own in doing these things, for I've tried it. On April 22d I planted 25,000 trout in Beautiful Lake Leo. Yes, sure

it's in Washington. Some of the finest waters in the whole world lie within this beautiful, picturesque State.

I anticipate some fine fishing this year. Am having two new row-boats built. You probably remember in the *JUNE DIGEST*, 1912, under "How I Enjoy Vacation," mention is made of the "Little Pond D'O'Reille Lake" and "Tamaree Lodge"? Well, "The Lodge" went up in smoke on April 18th, and while I cannot bid you welcome to the lodge, I can to a tent, as I will have four extra ones to place at your disposal this year.



How we planted trout in Lake Leo.

Of course I intend to get the big fellow this year. Talk about science in three point contact on a "Gysi Articulator"? Why, say, fellows, did you ever have a number ten fly hooked in the "buccinator muscle" of a Rainbow Trout? A big fellow. There is real science (if you land him).

In conclusion, I might mention "Sullivan Lake and Creek"; "Porter's Lake"; The Pond D'O'Reille River (we knew it as kids as "Clark's Fork" of the Columbia), and many more within a day's journey of home. All good water for the ever wily trout.

Editor DENTAL DIGEST:

TELL L. M. C., page 217 April *DIGEST*, to pack canal with Iodine Crystals, seal and leave alone for few days, after which remove, for if there is any moisture, the obstruction will have become disintegrated.

If first packing don't work, try again.

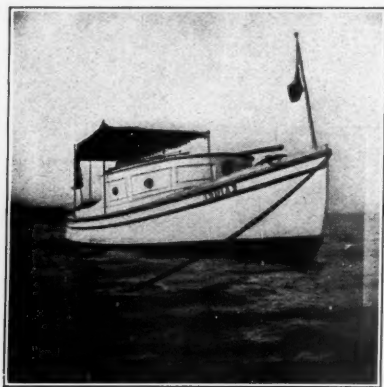
S. J.

CAMP LU-RELIA ON THE JAMES

BY J. W. MANNING, D.D.S., NORFOLK, VA.

BEING the possessor of the good boat "Indian," a motor boat 31½ feet long, 7 feet beam, hunting cabin and open cockpit, equipped with a twelve-horse-power two cycle engine, capable of ten miles an hour, with seating capacity for eighteen or twenty passengers aboard—and not having taken a vacation for about ten years, I decided it was about

time for me to take one; but I wanted it to be a *real vacation* and *recreation*.



The good boat "Indian."

With that thought in view, I had a tent-maker build me a tent 14 x 23½ feet, square corners, 6-foot walls, 12-foot center, with draw curtains, dividing it into four rooms 7 x 7 feet each, which left a hallway 9½ x 14 feet. This served as dining room and sitting room. The sides of tent opposite hall were separate so that they could be lifted and staked up, thus making an awning on each

side, and giving ventilation. I secured some canvas-covered folding cots, camp stools and a two-burner oil cook stove.

Early Monday morning, July 29, 1912, we loaded the tent, cots, stove, family (consisting of wife; Wymer W., a son of fifteen; Lucile, twelve; Aurelia, ten), the pet cat and a few other necessary (evils?) on the "Indian," tied the rowboat on the stern and proceeded out the Elizabeth River, across Hampton Roads, almost exactly across the spot where the famous fight between the "Merrimac" and "Monitor" took place—into the mouth of and on up the historic James River.

The wind was pretty strong and the water rough, but the "Indian" behaved as a "good Indian" should, and when we were about twenty-five miles from our starting point we "cast anchor" opposite a steep bluff of about fifty feet.

Having had our lunch aboard, in real picnic style, we had soon, by means of the rowboat, transferred passengers and camp outfit to the shore where, on a nice level spot under some tall spreading oaks, I had previously laid a floor for the tent.

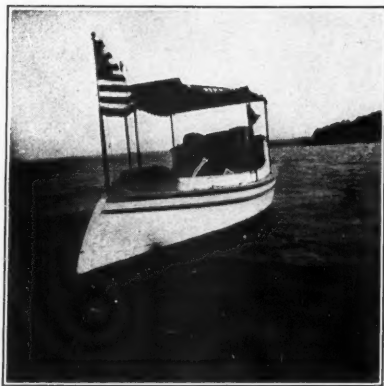
In an hour's time we had the tents up—for Wymer had a smaller one. He wanted one where he could be on the ground, real soldier style—with a dining table and rocking chair procured from a nearby farmhouse. Milk and butter were secured from another farmhouse not far away, another farmer bringing a load of watermelons the next day, and a fine spring of Lithia water only about one hundred yards away. By three o'clock we were settled for two weeks of the finest vacation I've ever had.

One might naturally wonder if I went fishing any. If you doubt it, ask Mrs. Manning. She said she got tired of seeing fish. Almost every day I was out for some of that sport. Wymer and I went out one day and caught 130; another day a small party caught 135.

Sometimes I would take the family and we would have lunch aboard. Magazines and books were at hand, so if we got tired of fishing, or the tide was not just right for the best sport, we could read, sleep or rest, until we were ready to try our luck again.

The river at the point opposite our camp is about seven miles wide. It was interesting to sit in the tent door and look out across the beautiful stretch of water and try to picture what the fleet of little vessels must have looked like as they sailed along there three centuries ago, making their way to Jamestown, just about fifteen miles further up the river.

Early Saturday morning, August 10th, we broke camp, folded our tents, loaded the "Indian" and she was soon cutting the water, with her nose turned toward home, which we reached about one o'clock. I had a covering of sunburn that would have done credit to any farmer. We were all well and happy, and voted the vacation a splendid success despite mosquitoes, hor-



Stern view of the "Indian."



The "Indian" and Camp Lu-Relia on the James underneath the trees.



As we were returning from camp. The "Indian" speeding along at ten miles an hour.

nets, yellow jackets, flies, fleas, ticks, etc., of which we had a few.

The tent is nicely folded away in the third story of our home. The "Indian" is tugging at her hawser as she rides on the bosom of the La Fayette River, a few yards from, and in sight of, our home. All hands are looking forward with eagerness when next summer they will be brought into play again for another vacation trip.

Just *where* camp "Lu-Relia" will be located the next time, is not yet settled, *but that it will be*, is a *settled* part of our program.

I coined the word "Lu-Relia" by combining a portion of the names of my two girls.

TAKE A BRACE, AND GO A-FISHING

By D. L. FLOORE, D.D.S., COLUMBUS, WIS.

BROOK-TROUT fishing is my first outdoor recreation after the winter's grind and I always go the opening day. Three years ago our catch on the opening day was forty-one trout, weighing sixty-five pounds.

It is little trips like these that help you smile twelve months in the year, especially at the times when you feel like swearing.

My favorite time for a vacation is about the middle of September, or perhaps later—on a duck marsh in a snowstorm with a pair of good dogs and a partner



Watching the "other fellow" catch.



"Our catch."

to locate the birds after the first rise. I always see red and forget to follow them.

It is the anticipation, realization and *explanation* of these little trips that relieve the tedium of the daily grind, for they leave in the memory little incidents, funny happenings to think and smile over when professional cares and worries tend to take the "gimp" out of a man.

Go fishing or hunting, brothers, and take a brace. You'll not regret it. If you cannot go for two or three weeks, then for two or three days, but do it often.

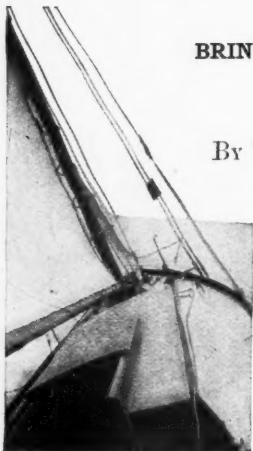
These pictures tell the story better than I can. Note the look of pride on the faces of "our catch" crew.



One of the "happenings."

BRINGING THE GOOD YAWL "OLWYN" TO HER NEW HOME

By T. LEDYARD SMITH, NEW YORK CITY



Leaving Boston.

WE dropped the mooring at South Boston, at 3 P.M. on a Saturday, to bring a new purchase, untried, in the shape of a 25-foot waterline yawl, no power, to New Rochelle, distance 300 miles. Fast time—two days. In unfavorable weather, six. Could we make it in three or even four?

It was June, but the nights off shore were cold and just then, between moons, they were dark. The clouds racing before the lash of

a good stiff evening blow coming over the neck of Cape Cod helped to make this one blacker than the inside of a black cat.

By sundown we had zigzagged down to and beyond Boston Light Ship with the wind on the increase, the clouds moving faster and growing blacker, while the deeper water was getting noisy on crests that lumped up, broke and swished away in foam and gurgles. The undercut of the flood tide up against the wind rolled the crests well up, leaving a deep pitch and an extra lumpy swash for our sailing. Three tons of lead on a six-foot draught gave us insurance against worry, but, as we could foot faster with less crowding of canvas in the increasing slope of the sea, we tied in two reefs in the main and stowed the mizzen, for a close pinch on the wind across the 35 miles of open wet to pick up Race Point Light, on Cape Cod. "S. E. half E." was yelled up the companionway to the man at the wheel, by the man below, who was getting bureau information from a chart with the aid of a pocket bull's-eye electric. A course south of that, say, S. E. flat, with the Provincetown flood setting in against the wind would land us on the beautiful white sands of Cape Cod about midnight, at which time all sand would look like jet. That would be a punk ending for the story of two sailor lads with a strange boat.

A wider course, or more Easting, would run us out beyond into the big open nowhere, bounded by the nations on the other side of the Atlantic.

Good wheel and binnacle work was a jokeless necessity, but not a cinch in that havoc of playful water when the weather rigging

couldn't be seen from the cockpit and when the "feel" of the wind and elements must tell the man at the wheel whether he is pinching or is too free. The close work proved good, for at 11 P.M. the light on the Cape was abreast, and from the flattened water and the dim of the light we guessed we were off the beach about two miles. From here our course was down the forty miles of Cape Cod sand, which lay stretched out on our starboard hand, with the same old wide expanse of Atlantic on the other.

We had crossed what, on the maps, is called Massachusetts Bay, but which in reality is open ocean, and we did it in good time and with luck, too, for a night with plenty of knockabout in it. But it was yet night, even midnight, and still black and not "closing time." We were reminded of the lunch room window sign—"Open all night."

Our way down the beach was smoother. By 3 A.M. the snap of the wind had gone, so the crew of one put on the three whole sails again.

As it was now Sunday and as the good folk of Chatham, Cape Cod, Mass., U. S. A., could afford to sleep later, it is doubtful if any one of them can corroborate this tale and say that they saw a wee white speck going by about four miles off the beach at 6 o'clock that morning. Nor did we stop to mention it. We were 85 miles to the good and still going; though close on the wind with the boom within the rail.

The sun came up, unfolding a day of beauty, fresh, clean swept and cloudless, with the water very green in its over-salted condition, lively and full of action. The wind was west and increasing with the rising of the sun and the growing flood, which it was our luck to get, for the six-mile twist of the tide right there over the shoals was undercutting the off-shore land breeze effect into a perfect riot of watery action, but helping us to windward on every tack.

The spread of open water between the off-shore Light vessel "Pollocks Rip," and the low streak of white sand of the Cape seems like free sailing for any craft. But the chart shows an underwater bottom topography with a variation that would frizzle your blood if you looked up at a time when the wind was bound twenty or thirty or more miles an hour somewhere and the tide going six miles an hour the other way, with your lead showing scant room for your draught. But we avoided that brain trouble by a little



A fresh breeze over the quarter.

foresight—which is better than the other kind—and followed the chart and compass, though the course took us well out, then at an angle with a dead beat up to “Shovelful Light Ship” right under the beach, with that mad flood lee-bowing us on every tack, pulling like a hawser over the rail of a tug.

The exhilaration of a new clear sparkling day with the activity and motion of all nature adding zest, was enough in itself; but the picture this morning was enlivened by the human element of rivalry.

Converged in this sea lane were a half dozen coasters, lumber laden, all taking the same tacks in the same crooked passage in what otherwise looked like an ocean of free water. And so it was, for anything drawing less than 5 feet.

From here, a long starboard leg took us to within two miles of East Point Light on Nantucket. The lumbermen, who were all well to weather of us and ahead in beating up from Pollocks Rip, were now scattered to the leeward of us, left to fight it out among themselves.

The beauty of a salt water life is found in the never ending variety of moving pictures Nature constantly unrolls, without ever the sign “one minute, please, till we change the film.” Nature’s film is endless, uncensored, with the changes frequent. One of them happened right there in Nantucket Sound. The fan was switched off, leaving the water scenery moving; moving in long rolling toboggan curves which gave us a fine hour of doldrums, with the boom threatening our brains if we stood up and a toss about if we sat down to turn in. But then, a lull is no time for a good sailor to turn in. It is a sign of another film. A catspaw came out of the East, then from the South, which gave us the only free running we had between Boston and our finish. But none of these pictures last. This one ran out at 3 P.M. that Sunday, suddenly, and we were doing so fine, too! Changing the beautiful blue soft warm haze by spreading a fast moving black scene over everything. It had a bad look and carried a swish of rain before it that struck the water white. By the time it caught us our mainsail was stowed under three stops, as we were taking no chances on our gear aloft or other rigging.

It was a wet vigorous slash; but momentary, followed later by a beautiful rainbow that smiled out of the East a pleasant promise. Until sundown a soothing tide nursed us along slowly with even decks, on a mirror; with those popular summer resorts, Edgartown and Cottage City, just on our port hand.

The peaceful serenity of old red Sol closing a long lovely day was followed by shades of crimson, orange, purples, grays, fading landscape and ruffled water, and lapping waves, so that by 9 o’clock old Nature had wiped out the whole thing with a moving inky overhead smear

and had whipped the underwork into a froth of action from off the land side.

With these prospects, the mizzen was stowed and the sheet lifted a bit for what proved to be a boiling reach down through Vineyard Sound, in company with a bunch of Hookers whose lights could be seen if they were close and whose swash under their chain plates could be heard if they were to the weather of us and near by. Otherwise, their hulls became a part of the night. It was a busy evening for the two pair of eyes on our vessel. That black, starless, moonless slide was fine while it lasted, even if it proved to be an eye strain and an endurance tester, for it ate distance with an appetite. But the change of tide in the early morning hours spilled the force out of the wind and made us flatten down our three sheets.

Seven A.M. Monday found us well outside of Block Island on the same starboard tack, nipped close. And the lumbermen? scattered, some hull down.

Block Island was neighborly so long that it was tiresome; but its high hill finally faded astern and blended with the horizon; as did later Watch Hill on the other side. At 3 P.M. Monday we had used up forty-eight hours and were not yet in the Sound.

That Sentinel, Little Gull Light, was about four miles dead to windward, standing high in its lonesome watch, marking our entry to the "Race" in the full strength of the flood, just then undercutting a strong west wind, which means nothing to a person who may happen to be unacquainted with the fact that all the water in Long Island Sound sluices in and out of this narrow sea gate every six hours. A strong adverse wind, such as we had this day, will help to slash its upheaval and froth into a violent frenzy of whirls, twists, and eddies, with broken crests tumbling over to be sucked up and rushed against the wind, which catches its feather and blows it to leeward again.

It is a pest hole, at times; but a splendid test on a boat and her rigging. We had come through on the close of the day, and were now in the Sound with seventy-five miles to go. How many hours more to our mooring? Nature has no program.

Our third black night settled down, offering a head wind and a head tide to combat.

When one comes out ahead in any game, race or play, or wins a pretty girl, or makes a success in business, then one unbuttons the three top buttons of his vest, and hits his expanded chest to advertise the news that—"I'm It."

The following hours—from Monday night to Wednesday noon—left us with no brilliant assets over which to boast. Nothing to shout

over. The hours were full of constant hard work in a race against wind and tide, with an accident or two to our rigging aloft, with some anxious moments with work and more work and no sleep, and too busy to use the galley with proper satisfaction.

We shipped ice, fresh meat and \$12 worth of grub; which was still filling the galley but not our in'ards. And yet, we were good natured, always cheerful. summer day, and we our home water that vented that word

In fog, haze, no left overs, we nagged last few miles; and it Wednesday morning everything. We were the earth—or water, erything looked so the hours—8 o'clock, more to go—a mile went out and a nasty

right ahead, compelling us to shorten sail. Such an ending! Such a finish! without romp, flourish or speed; for the squall over, we merely drifted in to our mooring. Ninety-four hours from start to finish.



Whistling for wind.

Tuesday was a mild should have been in night, but—(who in “but” anyway?).

wind, remnants and along to within the was still Tuesday. a sun haze shut out alone on the face of or was it air? Ev-alike. We counted 9, 10, with a mile only. Then the sun wet squall struck in,

A COUNTRY SUMMER PASTORAL

*I would flee from the city's rule and law,
From its fashion and form cut loose,
And go where the strawberry grows on its straw,
And the gooseberry grows on its goose;
Where the catnip tree is climbed by the cat
As she crouches for her prey—
The guileless and unsuspecting rat
On the rattan bush at play.*

*I will watch at ease the saffron cow
And the cowllets in their glee,
As they leap in joy from bough to bough
On the top of the cowslip tree;
Where the musical partridge drums on his drum,
And the woodchuck chucks his wood,
And the dog devours the dogwood plum
In the primitive solitude.*

—S. W. Foss, in *Tid-Bits*.

THROUGH WONDERLAND ON A BICYCLE

By H. G. WOLZENDORF,
St. Louis, Mo.

WONDERLAND is Yellowstone National Park in Northwestern Wyoming with a small part lapping over into Montana. It is approximately 62 miles from north to south and 52 miles from east to west. It is for the most part a plateau between 7,500 and 8,000 feet above sea level, with the surrounding mountain peaks sticking up another 2,000 or 3,000 feet into the air.

The Park contains a growth of timber and the floor of the valleys and the sides of the hills are covered with a luxuriant growth of grasses and wild flowers.

Thousands of deer, elk and bear roam here, unmolested, as Uncle Sam prohibits the killing of game at all times. It also contains the last remaining herd of buffalo in their native state of freedom in this country.

The animals in the Park know they are protected and will continue to graze at perfect ease while a string of tourist-laden stages rumbles down the road only a few feet away.

The Park is of volcanic origin and contains the greatest collection of geysers and hot springs in the world, from which it gets its name "Wonderland."

My party of eight chose bicycles as the conveyance for the 142 miles through the Park. We are all experienced road riders, in good physical condition, and mounted on *good* bicycles. Our gears were cut down to a point where we knew the altitude and long hills would not bother us. Two of us used 56-inch gears, five used 62 and one used 68. This one was the smallest man in the crowd, nearly 40 years old and climbed every hill. Only two of the party walked on the hills and they walked part of two very long sandy hills where walking was really easier than riding. The average grade of hills in the Park is only about 5 to 7%, but when you begin to climb you have a steady performance for from 4 to 8 miles at a time, hence our reason for using small gears.



On road to western entrance, seven miles from Fountain Hotel.

While the roads in the Park are by no means boulevards, they are for the most part fair to good. Occasionally there is some sand, but one can nearly always find a fairly smooth hard path along the edge of the road which affords very good riding. We shipped our baggage by stage each day.

Before we had been in the Park two days we had become well acquainted with the stage passengers, as we were making the same stops they were and stopping at the same hotels over night. They were envious of us, owing to the free and easy manner in which we were traveling. We made many stops for sight seeing and picture taking at places where the stage drivers often do not even slow down their horses.

The stage passengers usually get out of their cramped quarters at the end of the day's ride, stiff and sore and so covered with dust that one can hardly tell the color of their clothing, while we came in clean and fresh with tales of many interesting things which they had not seen.

Before the tour of the Park was half completed, one middle-aged man, who years ago was a member of a famous Chicago Bicycle Club, said, "You bet, if I ever come here again, I am going through on a wheel," and no doubt many others had the same thoughts.

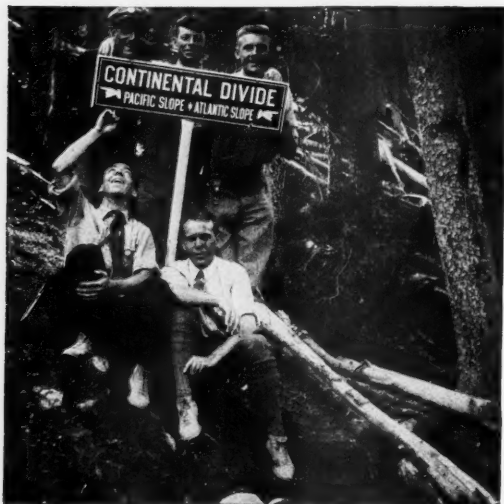
Now, as to the tour itself.

We left St. Louis at two o'clock one afternoon last August and three days later reached the Park.

Our train for Livingston left at 10.30 P.M. and we were now fairly on our way to see the wonders of the place we were booked for. We

had talked about and planned this trip for weeks, and the manager of the tour, who was making his fourth trip to Wonderland, had pumped every one of the party so full of information about it that they were all anxious to get there.

The next morning as we awoke we found ourselves in the eastern part of North Dakota. A fine drizzling rain



The Continental Divide.

was coming down, but we did not worry, as that would eliminate the dust nuisance while riding on the rear platform; there is not much to see in crossing the prairie country.

When we made our appearance on the platform, togged out in cycling costume, we attracted considerable attention. Many of our fellow passengers wanted to know if we were going to walk through. Others wondered if it were possible to ride bicycles over the roads. Some wanted to know if we were going to use motor cycles and many other similar queries were put to us. And the natives just stared. They probably never in their lives had seen so many full grown men in "short pants" at one time, and they naturally looked us over with a good bit of interest.

We arrived at our station about 10 A.M. and leisurely went over to the four trunks in which our bicycles were packed. After taking two wheels out of each trunk, and while adjusting handle bars and saddles and screwing in such pedals as had to be removed in packing, we were regaled with much humor and sarcasm by sundry teamsters, camp cooks, etc., who advised us that we had better leave "them things" at the station and take the stages or hire a wagon. They also volunteered the information that we could not climb the hills and would either break our wheels or our necks, or both, in going down the hills, and much other cheerful information, until one of the boys turned to the most garrulous and said, "How much do you want to bet that we can't ride any place the stage can go?" He did not have any money to bet, and with the remark that "You Easterners all talk that way," he quieted down. We finally put a quietus on the argument by informing them that there were two men in the group who had gone through before on bicycles, one of them three times, and they had no more to say.

A little later we entered the Park through the mammoth arch at the entrance, the corner stone of which was laid by President Roosevelt in 1903. Our road lay up by the Gardiner Cañon and for two miles was practically level, then came a two-mile climb on an easy grade and smooth hard road up to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, where we



Gibbon Falls.

arrived within a few minutes of the stages, though they had a good half-hour's start.

At last we were in Wonderland and everyone was anxious to get out and see the sights. After lunch we lost no time in getting out. The first thing one meets is Liberty Cap, a cone of limestone deposit about 70 feet high, formed by a hot spring.

A short distance beyond are the terraces, built up by the deposits of chemicals in the water of the springs. These springs are boiling hot and when one looks into them the water has a beautiful blue or green tint. The deposits around the rim of the pools, and wherever the water overflows, are beautifully colored in various shades of red, brown and yellow. These springs have built up terraces, the largest of which is Jupiter Terrace. It is about 150 feet high and several acres in extent. Minerva Terrace and Pulpit Terrace are not so large, but sublime in their delicate coloring and beautiful carved effect which their fronts present. All over this field, which is several square miles in extent, there are hundreds of these hot water springs and pools, while the ground is covered with the whitish limestone deposit, and at a distance looks as if it were covered with snow.

Here, too, we found the Devil's Kitchen, an extinct crater of one of these hot springs, which is very similar to the entrance to a cave. One can go down into it quite a distance, but at a depth of 30 or 40 feet the temperature gets too hot to be comfortable.

Next morning we mounted our wheels, and started ahead of the stages to get past the Golden Gate before the heavy traffic began. It is 4 miles and up 1,000 feet to the Golden Gate. Circling around Jupiter Terrace our road leads up past the "Hoodoes," an immense conglomeration of large limestone boulders and dead timber, through the Silver Gate. A mile farther we come to the Golden Gate. It gets its name

from the rich golden brown color of the wall of the Cañon out of which the road here is blasted. Here a stop was made to look back down toward the Hot Springs, a beautiful view.

The road from here to Norris Geyser basin is practical-



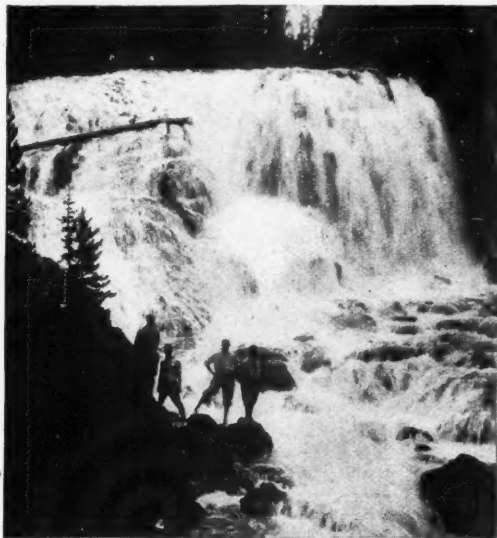
Old Faithful Inn, Upper Geyser Basin.

ly level and very good; it is 16 miles. Along the way we pass Apollinaris Spring, the Obsidean Cliff, a mountain of volcanic glass about 500 feet high and running along the road for about half a mile. Then we come to Roaring Mountain, which is well named. Everywhere on its sides steam is escaping and the noise is like that made by many locomotives blowing off steam.

A little farther on we come to the Devil's Frying Pan, a circular pool of boiling, spluttering water, about 1,000 feet in diameter and one foot deep, which looks and acts very much like a huge pan of hot grease. A mile or two farther on is the Norris Geyser basin, where we are to get our first

glimpse of a real geyser. This basin is several acres in extent and contains quite a number of small geysers which play every few minutes and throw up a stream of water 20 or 25 feet high. They are very pretty and look for all the world like an intermittent fountain in a city park.

After lunch we explored some more pools and hot springs scattered out in the woods for some distance, off from the beaten paths, and then started for the middle basin, 20 miles away. Our road for 10 miles lay down the Gibbon River Cañon, first on one side of the river, then crossing to the other, with the beautiful mountain stream always at our side tumbling over the rocks and boulders until we came to the Gibbon Falls, a beautiful cascade about 75 feet high. Here a long stop was made and we descended to the bottom of the gorge to see how it looked from below. When we reached the Fountain Hotel that evening the stage passengers told us the stages had not even stopped there. We were at the Obsidean Cliff in the morning when the stages passed and the drivers did not even slow up their horses as they went by. This was only our first full day in the Park and our friends in the stages were already beginning to see the advantage of our method of transportation.



Keppler's Cascade.

Shortly after passing the Gibbon Falls we leave the river and get a two-mile climb up a sandy hump and then for 4 or 5 miles we go down a gentle incline on a good road to the Fountain Hotel, passing the Fire Hole Cascades and for the last 2 miles winding along the banks of the Fire Hole River. Here, too, are the Mammoth Paint Pots, great vats of boiling mud of grayish, pink and white hue. They splash and splutter just like big pots of boiling mush, a very interesting sight. There is a fence of wire netting around them to prevent people who are too inquisitive from getting too close up, as anyone who fell in would probably never



Fire Hole Cascades.

get out alive. After dinner we, with a number of stage passengers, got in wagons and drove 3 miles through the woods to the Fire Hole Pool and Great Fountain Geyser. This geyser was due to play at eight o'clock and we got there just in time. It is one of the largest in the Park and plays about 20 minutes. It throws an immense mass of water and steam to a height of 200 to 250 feet. It was a magnificent sight.

When one looks down into Fire Hole Pool it looks as though blue flames were issuing from the bottom. This is caused by certain chemicals

and gases in the water, but the blue flames look so realistic that Indians, when they roamed in the Park, would not go near here, believing evil spirits lived in the pool.

The following morning we started for the upper geyser basin, 9 miles away. About half way, we came to Excelsior Geyser. The crater of this is an immense lake, several hundred feet in diameter, filled with boiling water. This geyser has not played for many years, but several times has threatened and overflowed into the Fire Hole River, raising the temperature of the water in the stream so that the fish died from some distance down the river. A little farther along we come to Morning Glory Pool, which, when the sun is not shining into it, is exactly the color and shape of a morning glory in full bloom. It is one of the most beautiful pools in the Park. Here, also, a little back from the road is Biscuit Basin, a patch of formation several acres in extent, covered all over with lumps, which look exactly like huge biscuits.

Then we came to Riverside Geyser, the crater of which is right on the bank of the Fire Hole River. Every six hours it throws a stream

at an angle of about 45 to 60 degrees, across the river, to a height of about 75 feet. It is one of the most beautiful geysers in the Park. We saw it play that afternoon. We were now on the edge of the upper Geyser Basin. Here all the big ones are located. The Castle, Grotto, Lion, Lioness and Cubs, Giant, Bee Hive, Economic and Old Faithful, the most famous of them all, which plays regularly every 65 minutes, throwing a stream of water to a height of 100 to 125 feet. It is always beautiful and at night when the search light from the roof of Old Faithful Inn is thrown upon it, it is a sight which one can never forget. With the exception of Old Faithful and Riverside, the big geysers here are more or less irregular, playing at intervals of two or three to twelve or fourteen days, and one is lucky if he gets to see many of them during the limited time most of us can spend in the Park.

The journey through the Park here turns to the East and for 20 miles we travel over a picturesque mountain road to the west arm of Yellowstone Lake. The first 8 miles is up hill. Along the way we pass Keppler's Cascades and when the top of the ridge is reached we are standing on the Continental Divide. The road is built across a little lake, one side of which drains into the Pacific Ocean, the other to the Atlantic. A little farther on we get a fine view of Shoshone Lake, 30 miles to the south, and about 75 miles to the south we see the Teton Mountains standing out against the horizon like a lot of letter A's. After riding along on the ridge for 4 or 5 miles we begin the 7-mile descent to Yellowstone Lake. Just before we begin to drop we get a fine view of the lake with snow-capped Mt. Sheridan in the distance.

We arrived at the extreme western arm of the lake called the Thumb. Many of the stage passengers temporarily abandon the stages here and take a very comfortable boat for a 20-mile ride across the lake to the Lake Hotel.

We stuck to the road which runs along the north shore for several miles and then leads up over a long, thickly wooded hill. After gaining the summit, it is 8 miles down hill to the Lake Hotel. About 3 miles out we pass the Natural Bridge. It is a natural stone bridge, about 75 feet high, across a narrow cañon, but back from the road, and most people who go through by stage do not even know of its existence, yet it is a pretty spot and well worth a short stop.

Our road now followed the Yellowstone River through the beautiful Hayden Valley. The first point of interest along the way is Mud Geyser, about 7 miles out. The crater is a cave-like hole in the side of a hill which throws out big gobs of dirty gray mud and smells as though all the decayed eggs in the country had been deposited just at the entrance. It is forbidding looking, and smells worse, and still so interesting we

hate to leave. The valley has narrowed down until there is just room for the road between the river and the cliffs. The water runs very rapidly and soon we came to the rapids. The water is churned into a milky white foam as it dashes madly from boulder to boulder, while a short distance beyond one can hear the rumble of the upper falls as the water dashes over the brink in its 110-foot drop. The rapids are fascinating and we spent some time watching them. This view is superb and is alone worth a trip across the continent.

We can plainly hear the roar of the Lower Falls and the six men in our party who had never seen them were getting impatient, so we mounted our bicycles and soon were standing at a point which gave us a good general view of the world-famous Yellowstone Cañon in all its riot of coloring, but we could not see the falls. We stood there several minutes without saying a word and then went to the wooden stairway which leads down to the brink of the falls; there are about 500 steps and it is about 250 feet down to the platform, which is built right at the edge of the falls. One gets a fine general view of the lower falls, which drop 340 feet to the river below, and the cañon. The sight is so impressive that one can only look in silent admiration, and we sat here a long time and had very little to say.

After lunch we went back up the river and crossed to the east side. There is a bridge across the river just above the upper rapids. We followed the wagon road to the head of an old trail and went down to the bottom of the gorge. The cañon is about 1,100 feet deep and this trail leads one right down to the water's edge, just below the lower falls. This is the only place where one can get down to the bottom of the cañon without taking considerable chances, as the trail while not now kept up to its former standard is perfectly safe. The view of the falls and cañon from the bottom is a magnificent one and well worth the exertion of descending. After getting up again, we followed along the rim of the cañon to Artist Point. The view of the cañon and falls from this point is the finest of all. This is where Thos. Horan sat when he painted the famous picture which hangs in the United States Capitol. This view is so sublime, so beautiful, that no one with brush, pen, or eloquence can do it justice. You must see it and form your own impression.

The next day we went to the top of Mt. Washburn. This is the highest peak within the limits of the Park and has an elevation of 10,500 feet. It is 11 miles from the hotel to the top, and there is a good road all the way. Four of us walked and four used their bicycles. We took our lunch along with us. The trip is a beautiful one all the way, and from the top a grand view for many miles in every direction can be had. We got back to the hotel about 4.30 p.m.

On the west side, near Inspiration Point, by the side of the road, there is an immense glacial boulder of Greenland granite. This rock is about 20 feet high and 15 feet in diameter, and was deposited here in the Ice age. Whether this boulder came from Greenland or not, I am not qualified to say, but that is the story which scientists and geologists tell us. At any rate, there is no similar granite within hundreds of miles of this place.

Our stay here has come to an end. Leaving the hotel at 7.30 A.M. we mounted our bicycles and coasted down the long winding hill to the point where we got our glimpse of the cañon three days ago. The air is cool and crisp and the cañon is filled with rising mist and vapor through which the sun is just beginning to penetrate. If anything, the cañon looks more beautiful than ever, and this last impression is indelibly stamped in the memory of everyone who sees the cañon at this time of the day.

Our road now led us into a beautiful park-like country which is called Christmas Tree Park, and a few miles farther on we passed the soldiers' station at Riverside and then sighted the little town of Yellowstone which has grown up here since the Union Pacific Railway built its park branch in here, about five years ago. Here our trunks and surplus baggage were awaiting us.

A FAMILY OUTING

BY ALBERT LEVIN ROAT, D.D.S., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Now, Mr. Busy Dentist, if you practise in a town where several other Brother Slavers hustle and you want to break the monotonous grind—if you want to make somebody else happy, do as we did.

We collected a half dozen couples together, dentists and their wives (and if you are blessed with "kiddies" trundle them along, too, and let them paddle in the water, and play with the boat) for an outing in the old-fashioned picnic style.

Surely there is some spot within distance. Go there in a car, train, automobile or wagon. We loaded some tents, "grub," a few cooking utensils, hammocks and swings into a wagon, climbed inside and left town early. We arrived at the creek about 9 A.M.

The six men were divided into three pairs. Two chaps acted as cooks; two as utility men; the other two as entertainers for the women

and children. They camped by the stream and the utility men went fishing.

Say, fellows, do you enjoy fishing—real bass and pickerel and perch fishing? Somewhere out in a boat all day long, where the cool pine-laden, health-giving breezes tone up a tired, worn-down system?

Honest, don't you believe it would do you a world of good—benefit you so that you could return to your office feeling years younger, light-hearted and gay, if you'd take two weeks—yes, even a week—and try your hand at this sport? I know you'd become a "regular"—I never knew any chap to try who didn't.

Every dentist appreciates the feel in his fingers—why, most dentists can feel through their broach when it touches a sensitive, delicate spot. Their nerves become tense, their whole being vibrates. But what do you suppose it does when you hold a five-ounce rod, a silk line attached with a "live bait" wiggling through the water and Mr. Black Bass makes a grab and gollups him up, eh? For that's what he does, snatches Mr. Bait, scaling him clean, then runs off many yards to some sheltered spot, turns him head first and down he goes. Precisely at that moment, you strike! And, then—who can tell but a fisherman what happens next? Why, even the most experienced angler cannot always do that. However, you get the same feel in your fingers, in your heart, your whole being as you will with your broach, but in a different way—it's exhilarating—joyous—delightful.

Yes, you can fish with worms for catfish, big two-pounders. Broad, flat palm-sized "sunnies." Don't they taste great for dinner, supper or



"Row, Row, Row."

breakfast, cooked a crisp brown! The bones crack and crunch under your bridgework. Believe me, boys, if you'd spend a week out here in the open, you could even eat "ham gravy," I know.

A cool, bracing plunge in the lake before breakfast, or if you prefer, you can paddle about at noon in the sun and take the sun cure—it's very beneficial for rheumatism and such ailments. Then, too, it gives a healthy hue to the face, neck and arms. Rowboats cost \$3.00 a week, 25 cents a day or ten cents an hour. Bait is \$1 a hundred or catch them yourselves.



"I'm coming."

What would you exclaim if you hooked a two- or even a five-pound black bass? They're there in numbers. And, if you're lucky and they're hungry—usually a new beginner gets the "biggest." "Oh, lead me to the lake," will be your slogan ever after. To continue:

Our utility men put up our tents, and arranged things generally, and then they built a table under a large tree. They covered it with oil cloth. Set on our wooden plates, paper cups and napkins, decorated it with wild flowers set in tin cans wrapped with paper napkins. The women were not permitted to venture near on their honor, for to-day at least they were to rest. The cooks built an oven with rocks and lit a fire.

We had for our dinner, this first day, baked potatoes, like you had 'em in your boyhood days. Broiled steak, fish, sliced tomatoes, corn roasted in the husk, some heated biscuits, ice cream and coffee. And, maybe everybody didn't enjoy these meals, especially the women, because they didn't know a single thing they were to have. Try it and be convinced. We have had many such.

Now for all this pleasure, what would you pay? \$1.50 a day to live in a hotel. \$8.00 a week for a shack and do your own cooking, rough it?

\$5.00 a week to board privately? Well, you can get accommodations in any style to suit your complexion and your pocketbook.

And the place, oh, yes, I forgot to mention that! Well, it's in Jersey, just \$1.13 return carfare from Philadelphia, and they call the town Centerton, and two miles farther inland you have Apsley's Lake, where you rent a boathouse or hut and rough it. At Centerton they charge



The two who "entertained the women."

\$10 weekly. You can get city and country, fishing, amusements—everything a trifle farther down the railroad tracks, Bridgeton, N. J. They have pleasure parks there. Lakes, streams, "movies," stores, hotels, boarding-houses, and their prices are very reasonable for what you get. Try it, friends.

To those fortunate beings who possess and can operate a camera and can get "good pictures" during their vacations, I'll suggest they get views of lakes, rivers, ponds, woods, scenes, boating, swimmers, divers, poultry, odd views; in fact, anything that will interest the general public. Comical views are always wanted as also are the curious. I'll give you herein information as to where you can sell your prints and thus reduce your vacation expenses. Good prints bring from \$1 to \$10 each. These prints usually are required to be multiples of 5×7 .

The interesting is always in demand. Accidents, wrecks, fires, etc., are grabbed by newspapers, illustrated papers, etc. The price paid varies from 50 cents to \$10.

Almost every agricultural journal offers payment for good "farm scenes," orchards, live stock, etc.

Outing magazines want outdoor photos.

I'll endeavor to name one from almost each state and also Canada. These publishers ask for photos. Sometimes the name will suggest the style pictures wanted. Always ask for payment, or they might absorb it gratis:

Country Life in America, Garden City, N. Y.
Country Life in Canada, Manitoba-Winnipeg, Canada.
Farmers Herald and Weekly Star, Montreal, Quebec, Canada.
The Weekly Globe and Canada Farmer, Toronto, Canada.
The Sunday American, Boston, Mass. Any variety.
Michigan Farmer, 39 Congress Street, West Detroit, Mich.
Farmer's Wife, St. Paul, Minn.
Fruit Grower, St. Joseph, Miss. Farm.
American Homestead, Lincoln, Neb.
Twentieth Century Farmer, Omaha, Neb. Farm.
American Agriculturist, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York City. (This paper publishes five different magazines. Everything farm.)
Town and Farm, United Bank Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio. Farm.
Field and Stream, New York. Outing pictures, scenes, fishing, etc.
Better Fruit, Hood River, Ore.
Pennsylvania Farmer, 214 So. 12th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Farm paper.
The Southern Fruit Grower, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Farm and Ranch, Dallas, Texas. Farm, children, animals.
Northwest Farm and Orchard, Spokane, Wash.
American Thresherman, Madison, Wis.
Collier's Weekly, New York City. Illustrated magazine.
Munsey, Frank A., Co., 175 Fifth Avenue. Accidents, wrecks, interesting.
Illustrated Outdoor World, New York.
Agriculturalist Epitomist, Spencer, Ind.
Curtis Publishing Co., Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. Farm, etc.
Inland Farmer, Louisville, Ky.
Modern Priscilla, Boston, Mass. Art needlework, new patterns.
Women's Magazines, pictures of furniture, pottery, rare art, etc.
Garden Magazines, flowers, houses, etc.

In fact, the odd, the new, the child, the game, fish, bird, accident, wreck, original, is always welcome most anywhere.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
 Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
 The wise for cure on exercise depend;
 God never made his work for man to mend.

—DRYDEN.

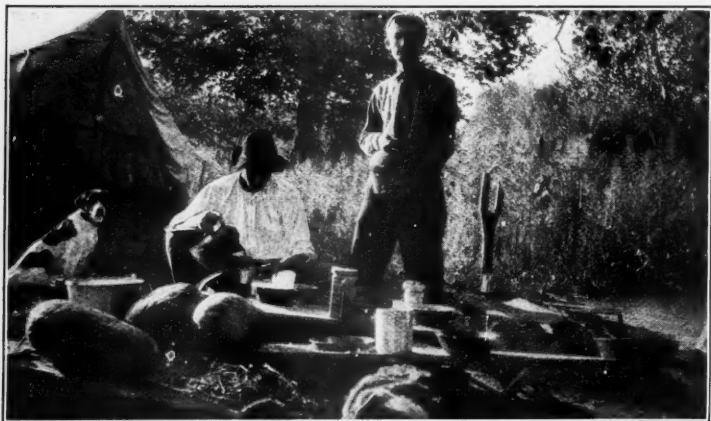
FISHING IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS

By F. A. HYSSEL, D.D.S., JAMESTOWN, MO.

BROTHER, if you need recreation, and if you have never taken any, take it now and begin by trying camping out where the fishing is good. If you cannot take a good long vacation, one of several weeks, do as I do, go for a few days at a time.

Let me tell you how I do it.

I live only six miles from the Moniteau Creek—this makes it very convenient for me to get away on short notice. The cost of an outing such as I am writing about costs very little, if two or three go



Our Camp on the Moniteau Creek.

together. A real good outfit may be bought for \$25, including fishing tackle, etc.

The pictures here given were taken last fall on the Moniteau Creek—near its mouth, which empties into one of the few truly great rivers, the Missouri. Its tributaries furnish some of the best fishing to be found in the United States. Especially is this true in the Ozark Mountains, where an abundance of game fish may be caught. On the Moniteau Creek we catch bass, croppie, cat and carp. In fact, most any kind that can send a creepy feeling up and down your spine. I never fail catching all the fish needed for our eating purposes.

And another thing; be sure to take a kodak with you; the pictures you take make nice post cards and, when enlarged (which can



Examining and admiring our "catch."

be done for a nominal cost), can be used for pictures for the waiting room. Your patients will say when looking at them—"Well, you certainly must have had a good time."

And we do have a "good time," and better still, we come home physically fit to do better work.

THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

BY ALONZO MILTON NODINE, D.D.S., NEW YORK

THE Canadian Rockies, for those who enjoy beautiful and majestic scenery, fishing, riding, mountain climbing, camping and boating, is one of the most delightfully interesting sections of America in which the writer ever spent a vacation.

With renewed pleasure one mentally revisits these scenes, and perhaps one may be able to interest and stimulate another to spend his vacation in the excellent hotels or camps so conveniently provided in these Canadian mountain resorts.

From Duluth or St. Paul and Minneapolis we will board the night train of the Soo line for Winnipeg. For those who have read Gilbert Parker's stories, Winnipeg will be invested with a romantic interest that the tales of the Old Hudson Bay Company have aroused.

The ruins of the Old Hudson Bay Co.'s fort are still pointed out. One looks for the old Red River carts with great high wheels—such as are used in South America to-day—but instead we see motors, trolleys and railroads. It is a big busy city like those over the border. Awakening from our day dream with disappointment and regret we will motor and trolley all over the city, then have dinner at the beautiful Royal Alexandra Hotel. After dinner we board the night train for Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat and Calgary.



Cork Screw Tunnel.

Spreading over the plains of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta are great wheat and cattle ranches. We pass a little station and a few houses—in a year or two to be a town, perhaps a city.

The morning of the second day from Winnipeg we reach Calgary in the foothills of the Rockies. But we are bound for Banff. The train climbs up, up, through the Gap and we see the great snow-capped mountains most glorious as the rays of the rising sun tip them.

The track follows the course of the Bow River until we reach Banff. At the station the stage is ready to take us up to the Banff Spring Hotel.

Back of the hotel is the hot springs swimming pool and down over the rocks are the beautiful Bow River Rapids. This is the center of the

Canadian National Rocky Mountain Park, the largest national government park in the world, containing more than 6,000 square miles of territory. Here are gathered large herds of buffalo, elk and moose.

At Banff a week may be spent riding and driving over beautiful roads and trails, along the Vermillion lakes to Edith Pass, where a beautiful view is obtained of Mount Edith, one of the highest and most beautiful of the mountains of the Rockies, to Lake Minniwanka, to Tunnel Mountain, etc.

Thirty-four miles by railway, through beautiful mountain scenery, brings us to Laggan. As we approach the station we may see in the



Road round Lake Louise, Laggan, Alberta.

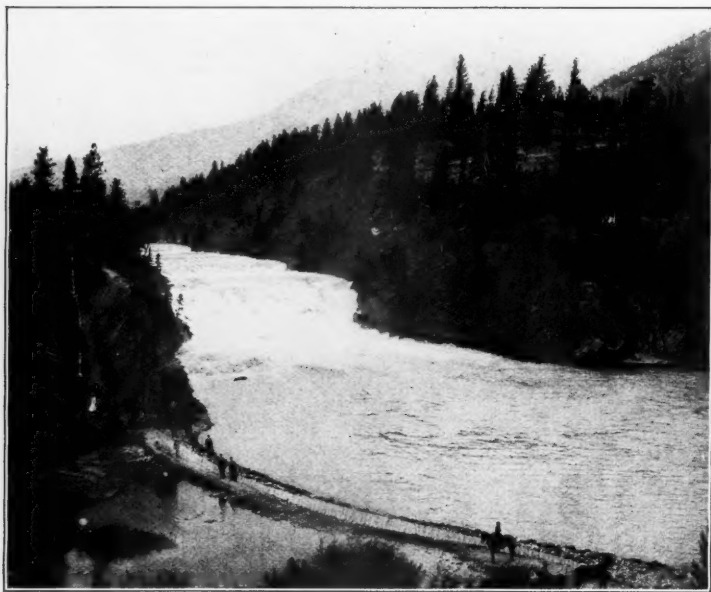
distance a pack train of mules or horses; perhaps one or more of the riders will dash up to the station as the train arrives.

Again the stage takes us up a steep road that hangs on the edge of a deep gorge. One more turn in the road and we see the beautiful Chateau on the shore of Lake Louise.

"The best place to stay," you'll say, you ever saw. It is managed by four maiden women who have another splendid hotel in Vancouver, The Glencoe Lodge. The service and cuisine at the hotel are perfect. The rooms large, well furnished, immaculate; Japanese bell boys and Chinese waiters.

The lawns are terraced down to the water's edge with beautiful beds of poppies.

The lake is about a mile and a half long, and half a mile wide. From the lake on either side rise two snow-capped mountains. Two miles across the lake a beautiful glacier seems to pour its frozen flood into Lake Louise, whose water is that beautiful glacial blue.



Bow River Falls, Banff.

At Lake Louise guides may be hired for mountain climbing, ponies and horses for rides over the beautiful trails.

Six miles from Laggan the railroad crosses the Great Divide, 5,296 feet above sea level. Here a tiny rivulet divides its waters, one little stream finally reaching the Pacific and the other Hudson Bay.

As the train approaches Field the railroad goes through a corkscrew tunnel, $1\frac{1}{4}$ miles long, and crosses the Kicking Horse River twice.

Field is at the base of Mt. Stephen (elevation 10,000 feet) and the entrance to the Yoho Valley.

The next stop is Glacier. Near the railway station is an observation tower and a telescope with which to see the great glacier of the Selkirks, two miles away.

The train winds in and out and around mountains and over deep cañons, stopping at Revelstoke, Sicamous Junction and other beautiful

and interesting places where one may spend days and weeks most delightfully. We arrive in Vancouver in the morning. From Vancouver we board one of the Canadian Pacific S. S., either the Princess Victoria or the Princess Charlotte, that sail for Victoria.

A few hours' sail across the straits of Georgia, where we may see in season the salmon fishing boats, brings us to the beautiful harbor of



Glacier from Bear Station, Glacier, B. C.

Victoria. The Empress Hotel is a most excellent hotel with a beautiful view of the bay. Each morning a tally-ho leaves the hotel for a drive around the city and suburbs.

And here I must leave you to return home via Seattle, the Northern Pacific, Great Northern or Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou wouldst forget,
If thou wouldst read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills! No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

—"Sun Rise on the Hills."—LONGFELLOW.

A JANUARY DAY'S VACATION IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

BY I. P. STEWART, D.D.S., LOGAN, UTAH



No. 1. Baby rides "Old Coalie" while Mamma gets her furs.



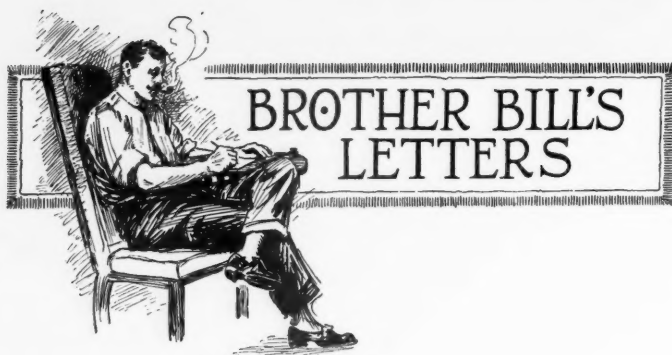
No. 2. We climb into a generous sized sleigh.



No. 3. Our prize team transports us to Logan Canyon. The elevation where this picture was taken is 4,680 feet.



No. 4. A chilly background. B. is on the summit.



MY DEAR HENRY:

Your letter reminds me so much of the story of Jim Grouchy, that I'll tell you about him and you can see how he fits into your case. You say you are troubled by nervousness, and that your patients complain occasionally of your abrupt manner. You say also that you are growing more and more impatient with people and things, and that you have to occasionally find relief by an outbreak of some sort. You didn't say so, but I'll bet that if I were to ask your wife and children they'd tell me that the outbreaks are more than occasional.

When I first knew Grouchy, he was as fine a chap as one could meet, and I call him Grouchy only because of what he became. In those early days he had a good wife and two fine children and was about as happy a man as one ever saw. Nearly every Sunday I'd see him out walking with the wife or playing with the kids. They worshiped him and hung on his every word and move. Why, one day, just for fun, I told the boy that I was going to strike his papa. He was only eight years old and didn't quite understand. At first he all swelled up with tears and then, as I stooped down to explain, he drew back and handed me a good one right in the jaw. It took all of us to comfort him and make him see that I was in fun. I tell you this to show how much they loved him.

Grouchy was ambitious. He wanted to get ahead for himself and he wanted the wife and kids to have comforts and pleasures. He built up a good practice, to which he attended well. He was no world beater, but he was a good dentist and a gentleman, and that makes a pretty fine combination.

I noticed that he was working very hard, and spoke to him about it. He said: "I've got to. The children are growing, and while Madge is a good manager, it takes every cent we can make to keep along in comfort. I'm trying to get a little money ahead. That's why I work extra hours." To my question as to whether he was getting it, he re-

plied that he supposed he was but that as yet he couldn't see it. But he felt sure it had to come because he was now operating all day and doing his laboratory work in the evening.

I didn't see much of him for a couple of years. When I did, I was surprised at the change. You know how it is. We see a person daily and he changes without our realizing it. But if we see the person suddenly, after the change, we are shocked. So it was here. He looked much more than two years older. The good color had left his face and been replaced with a different color that had less life in it. He was thinner. In other words, he was several times two years older.

We were good friends and I spoke to him about it, asking what was the matter. "Nothing," said he, "except that I don't get as much exercise out doors as I did." He told me that to his habit of working evenings he had added some Sunday work.

"What becomes of those Sunday rambles?" I said.

"Well, I haven't had time for any just lately. I miss them, but I've got to get ahead." Pressed for further details, he said he hadn't been out with the family on Sunday for more than a month, and that in the finest season of the year.

I have pretty strong notions about some things, so the Sunday following Mrs. Bill and I went around to see the family. We found Mrs. Grouchy looking better than her husband, but not so well as formerly. She didn't exactly look sick, but she was worried, and something in the face that pictures happiness was gone. Doctor was away, so we had a chance to speak about him.

"I'm real worried about Jim," she said. "He isn't a bit well. He used to be just as kind and loving as a man could to me and the children. But lately his work has worried him. I can see that it is getting on his nerves and affecting his health. He loves us, but he is so tired when he comes home that he is irritable. The children annoy him. I have to keep them quiet and they cannot go to him as they did. Why, at one time that oldest boy thought he couldn't draw a breath properly unless his dad knew it, but now it is different. He is pretty contented away from Daddy, because he says Daddy is cross. I wish I knew what to do about it."

We took Mrs. Grouchy and the kids out for an afternoon in the country, and they came back a little refreshed. But that same look that I see in the eyes of so many good women who love men that are mentally blind, was still in her face.

Pretty soon I heard about these things from other sources. A lady who does not like my fees came in and said: "Will you please look at this tooth?" As I knew her well and had formerly sent her to

Grouchy, I spoke of it. She said: "I like Dr. Grouchy real well and think him an excellent dentist. But he has grown so irritable and nervous that I cannot stand it. I'm nervous enough, goodness knows. I don't want a dentist who makes me more so. I want him to calm me down, if anything. I was talking with Mrs. B. and Mrs. C. the other day. They are patients of his. And if he doesn't get his nerves in better shape, they'll have to go elsewhere, too."

Now I didn't want this patient, so I put some temporary stopping in the tooth, told her that I should need to see her weekly for a month, and that I should regard her as Dr. Grouchy's patient and dismissed her. Then I called Grouchy on the 'phone.

"Jim, I want you to take a bite of lunch with me."

"Can't to-day, Bill. In fact, I can't get out to lunch. Mrs. M., whom you sent me a couple of years ago, is coming at my lunch time."

"No, she isn't. She may be due, but she'll not be there. She's just been here and told me some things you ought to know. That's why I want to lunch with you before I forget them."

"In that case, I'll be there at twelve."

When we were settled at the little table in the corner, I said, "Jim, how long have we been friends?" "About ten years," said he, "ever since I came here as a cub out of school and you sent me a few patients to help keep me from starving."

"I've been your friend ever since, and I'm going to do you a friendly act now which you must take in the right spirit. Mrs. M. has just left my office after asking me to do her work." And then I told him what Mrs. M. had said, mentioning the other names.

That made him stop and think. You see his wife could suggest and plead with him and it wouldn't have much effect, because he'd think he knew so much more than she did. But when his very best patients started to leave him, when the fruits of all his industry began to crumble before his very eyes, and to crumble at the top, too, it came home to him with a force that he couldn't resist. And he knew that if Mrs. M. was willing to pay my fees, which she couldn't really afford, rather than his, the matter had gone pretty far, quite far enough indeed to need immediate treatment.

When he came to, he had learned one lesson that nobody else could have taught him, that he was looking in the wrong place for the solution of his troubles. He was looking to win by doing work at prices that barely made him a profit. I went back to his office and did some pretty rapid bookkeeping to help him to the answer. He was surprised to find that his office expenses were \$2,000 per year. He was taking in \$4,000 gross as the result of his endless labors. It was costing him all of the

\$2,000 profit to keep up his life insurance, to support the family, now numbering five, to attend a couple of dental meetings each year and save \$250 annually.

We each canceled an appointment to find the solution of his troubles, which I told him I could do in an hour. I showed him that in justice to himself he should not work more than 2,000 hours per year; that it would cost him \$1.25 per hour to hire a really good secretary and run the practice as it should be, and that he should have \$1.25 per hour as salary. That made a fee of \$2.50 per hour, not including precious metals used. The fee was low enough for his class of patients, and low enough for the good service he gave. But he had to get it every hour. He couldn't throw in a cleaning free, as he had often done, for good measure. He had to charge for treatments. And with strangers or transients he had to charge for examinations.

He couldn't work any more that day, and my mind was so full of it that I wasn't much good. So he shut up the office and went for a long walk. He called me up in a couple of hours. Said he, "Bill, I'm like the cat with the platter of cream, afraid to and afraid not to. But I'm going to give it a try." So I said to him, "I've got something more important still to talk to you about, and I've been waiting to hear from you. Come right down here while it's fresh in my mind."

He came.

"Jim," said I, "you're in no shape to start this new campaign now. You don't know how like the devil you look and how irritable you act. You will arouse all the latent antagonism in every patient if you try it in your present condition. You've got to go away and get your nerves in shape, because you've got to be firm and diplomatic and raise all the fees, and get away with it. School is out tomorrow. Take the wife and kids and go down to my cottage by the lake for at least a week. It's all ready. We'll come down Sunday and see you."

Well, we had it back and forth, and I told him some pretty savage things, at first as gently as I could, and then as savagely as I could till I got him where I wanted. Then, just the minute I got him there, I called up his wife and told her that Jim was going down to our cottage for a week and take her and the children.

With that wonderful intuition which God gives women to keep us men from becoming utter fools, she saw it all in a breath and she said:

"Isn't that grand. Tell him I'll be ready."

The next Sunday we got down there about noon. We sneaked

up behind the cottage in the car and sat there. The oldest boy was pitching ball and Jim was batting. Just then he hit a short bunt in front of the base. Of course I forgot, like any other fan, and yelled, "Run, you terrier, run." That spoiled the game, and they all got around us and told what a dandy time they were having.



"The oldest boy was pitching ball and Jim was batting."

We went into the house. When I came to shake hands with Jim's wife, she took both my hands in hers and sort of gulped and said, "Oh, Bill, we've got Jim back." And right then I had to go out on the porch and look around a bit, because I hate to be around when people gulp. It makes me gulp too. But she was right. They had gotten Jim back. And they had gotten back into their faces something I hadn't seen there for a long time—happiness that comes from love returned.

Some years have passed since then. The roses and happiness looks are back in their faces. And if I were to tell that boy now that I intended to strike his father, I'm afraid he'd floor me.

When I was wondering how to answer your letter I called up Jim and said, "What are you going to do this summer?" "Going to the Lake as usual. We've been planning for a month what we'd do. I wish we were there now." "But, Jim," said I, "we may have hard times this year and not make as much. Maybe we'd better stay home and work and let the folks go."

"Nothing doing on that line for me," said he. "I've been through that once, as you very well know, and I'll not do it again. That isn't living; it's only staying here to work and slipping into a box when you're through. I can make money enough as long as I'm in good condition. And meantime I'm going to *live*."

And he does.

Your case is so like Jim Grouchy's that I wouldn't give a penny for the difference. You no longer write as you did. You once wrote pretty well. Now the writing is hurried and imperfect and incomplete, like that of a man too impatient to finish a thing in a decent frame of mind.

You probably don't know yourself how you have changed. You don't have to suffer the consequences. You know that you are nervous and tired, but that isn't one-tenth of it. You ought to live with a nervous and tired person awhile. Then you'd learn how you really are.

But if I can't persuade you by appeals to yourself and for your family's sake, I can get you by telling you that such an attitude of mind and body will go far to ruin your practice or prevent its proper development. You have spent a dozen years building up your practice, and it is in good shape. You are too nervous to suit your patients. Pretty soon some of the best of them will quit you. You will not notice, except that they don't come back and you will not get their money. You can do more to kill your own practice than anybody else can. And all you need to do is to keep on as you are going. I've seen it come to others. It will come to you.

You believe people think a lot of you for working like a slave. Your best people don't. They don't care how much or little you work. But when they come for service they expect to find you in such physical and mental condition that you can render it as they want and are willing to pay for. They are nervous and apprehensive. They expect your nerves to support theirs. And your nerves must do it or you will lose their patronage.

Go away. Take the family away. Take that oldest boy out where he can have a bow and arrow and a gun and a tent or something of the outdoor life. Get yourself back to him.

Come back a new man, so different that you can smile when a nervous patient comes in and can remain at all times master of the situation.

Bill

**MOUTH HYGIENE—A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE FOURTH
INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON SCHOOL HYGIENE**

(Including Plans of Organization and Co-operation)

BY W. G. EBERSOLE, M.D., D.D.S., SEC'Y-TREAS., NATIONAL MOUTH
HYGIENE ASS'N, CLEVELAND, OHIO

THE dental profession of the world has been honored by an invitation from Dr. Thomas A. Storey, Secretary-General of the Fourth International Congress on School Hygiene, which meets in Buffalo, August 25-30, 1913, to participate in the most elaborate effort that has yet been made toward placing School Hygiene before the world in its true relation to the health strength and working efficiency of the human race.

This is one of the most important opportunities that has come to the dental profession in its history for the purpose of presenting the various phases of Mouth Hygiene in their true relation to Hygiene in general.

At this meeting will be assembled the largest number of people that have ever gathered in this country for the purpose of considering those questions which deal with School Hygiene. Not only the leading educators and school officials of this country but of the world will be assembled on this occasion.

This means that every state in the Union will be represented by educational people and it is therefore highly important that every section of the country that is doing anything along the Mouth Hygiene line be represented in connection with the Scientific Exhibit dealing with the various phases of School Hygiene.

A large amount of space has been set aside to be devoted exclusively to the exhibition of material dealing with the various phases of Mouth Hygiene. It behooves every dentist that is interested in the Mouth Hygiene movement to see that his state, city or town has some sort of display in connection with this work.

The organization of the Mouth Hygiene Literary and Scientific Exhibit part of the program has been placed in charge of the writer of this article. An extensive literary program has been practically completed for that occasion.

That the Mouth Hygiene Exhibit may be in keeping with the importance that Mouth Hygiene bears to school hygiene in general, I am extending an invitation to the Oral Hygiene Committee of every dental organization of the country to participate in this exhibit. I am mak-

ing an urgent appeal to each committee to see that its section of the country is represented by some sort of exhibit setting forth either what they are doing or planning to do in that section.

Where a committee has nothing else to offer would suggest that they prepare a chart of a large card, preferably black background, with white lettering and framed in a black frame about an inch in width. The lettering on this card to be large enough to be read at a distance of twenty-five or thirty feet.

In organizing this work I am asking the Oral or Mouth Hygiene committees of the state societies to assume responsibility for the state exhibit and requesting all other dental organizations to co-operate with the state committee in making a state exhibit, but requesting that each individual committee present its exhibit as a component part of the state exhibit but retaining its distinction feature. The state exhibits to become part of the national exhibit, each state becoming a component part of the national exhibit but retaining its individuality. The state exhibits will be arranged in alphabetical order so that the guests from any state will have no difficulty in ascertaining what is being done in that particular state. The chairman of the various state organizations constitute a national committee, this committee to include the Oral Hygiene Committee of the National Dental Association and the chairman of the various state committees appointed by the National Mouth Hygiene Association. The chairman of the National Dental Association's Committee to be the executive officer of this national committee.

The National Mouth Hygiene Association has agreed to co-operate with the congress to the extent of making its annual literary program a part of the congress's literary program and is organizing its membership in the various states and cities along the same lines suggested for the organized dental profession above.

In appointing its committees on exhibits it has followed out the policy of appointing those of its members who are known to be members of the state or local Oral or Mouth Hygiene committees as its representatives. The National Mouth Hygiene Association will also appoint one of its representatives to co-operate with Dr. Gram at Buffalo in arranging for exhibits.

We wish to call the attention of the profession to the fact that this is a tremendous undertaking on the part of the writer to organize this work along the lines suggested.

I do not have at my command the names of the committeemen of the various dental societies of the country and am therefore taking this means of notifying these committees of the part that they are expected to take in this work, requesting that they communicate with me at once in-

dicating their willingness to co-operate and the style of exhibit that they expect to make.

I wish to say to the Oral Hygiene committees that if they are contemplating any work along the Mouth Hygiene lines they should have something in connection with the exhibit to indicate what they are doing or what they contemplate doing in order that the educational people from their sections of the country may find that they have a live committee in existence.

We would like to suggest to the state committees that they secure a large map of the state and indicate by means of various colored tacks the places and kinds of work that are being done.

I wish to impress upon the various state committees the importance of having their Mouth Hygiene exhibit because of the fact that those in charge of this work expect to make a presentation of Mouth Hygiene part of the program, which will be so impressive that every person who attends the congress will be deeply interested in the Mouth Hygiene work. To have the exhibits split up and made part of the general hygiene exhibits would do much to lessen the impressiveness of the Mouth Hygiene exhibit.

800 Scofield Building.

Editor DENTAL DIGEST:

I WISH that you would keep hammering at the question of the exchange of diplomas from one State to another, for I am in that boat myself. I am from California and would like to return to the State of Florida, which has no exchange with California, and so I am not able to do as I would like, for that reason. I would like to see that matter altered, and hope you will keep at it till you get the law changed.

In the meantime I am enjoying your DIGEST very much, and wish you all success in the good work you are doing.

Yours,

A. D. E.

SOCIETY AND OTHER NOTES

Officers of Societies are invited to make announcements here of meetings and other events of interest.

ALABAMA.

The Annual Meeting of the Alabama Board of Dental Examiners will take place at the Metropolitan Hotel, Birmingham, Ala., June 5, 1913.

CALIFORNIA.

The next Annual Meeting of the California State Dental Association will be held June 2-5, 1913, in the Hotel Oakland, at Oakland, Cal.—E. E. EVANS, *Secretary*.

The next examination by the Board of Dental Examiners of California for license to practise dentistry will be held in San Francisco on June 7, 1913. This will be followed by an examination in Los Angeles, beginning on June 20, 1913.—C. A. HERRICK, *Secretary*.

COLORADO.

The Twenty-seventh Annual Meeting of the Colorado State Dental Association will be held at Manitou, June 19-21, 1913. The clinics will be in charge of Dr. A. W. Starbuck, 1340 Arapahoe Street, Denver, Col., who will furnish any information relative to same. All ethical members of the profession are cordially invited to attend the meeting.—C. A. MONROE, 302 Mercantile Bank Bldg., Boulder, Col., *Secretary*.

CONNECTICUT.

The Dental Commissioners of the State of Connecticut hereby give notice that they will meet at Hartford, June 12-14, to examine applicants for license to practise dentistry, and for the transaction of any other business proper to come before them.—D. EVERETT TAYLOR, *Recorder*.

FLORIDA.

The next meeting of the Florida State Dental Society will be held at Atlantic Beach, Florida, June 24th-27th, inclusive.—JESSE L. WILLIAMS, *Secretary*.

The Florida State Board of Dental Examiners will meet in Jacksonville June 21-24, 1913.—W. G. MASON, *Secretary Board*.

GEORGIA.

The Forty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Georgia State Dental Society will convene at Columbus, Ga., June 12-14, 1913, beginning Thursday, June 12th, at 11 A.M. Some very interesting lectures and papers will be presented, also an elaborate clinic has been secured.—M. M. FORBES, Atlanta, *Secretary*.

IDAHO.

The Idaho State Board of Dental Examiners will meet in Boise, Idaho, at the State Capitol Building, Monday morning, July 7, 1913.—A. A. JESSUP, D.D.S., *Secretary*.

ILLINOIS.

The Thirteenth Annual Meeting of the American Society of Orthodontists will be held in Chicago, June 30-July 2, 1913.—FREDERICK C. KEMPLE, 576 Fifth Ave., New York City, *Secretary*.

INDIANA.

The next regular meeting of the Indiana State Board of Dental Examiners will be held in the State House at Indianapolis, beginning Monday, June 9th, at 9 A.M., and continuing to Saturday, June 14th. All applicants for regis-

tration in this State will be examined at this time. No other meeting will be held until November. No temporary licenses are issued.—F. R. HENSHAW, Pythian Building, Indianapolis, *Secretary*.

LOUISIANA.

The Louisiana State Dental Society will hold its annual meeting in Shreveport, June 12th-14th.—WALLACE LEABO, D.D.S., *Secretary*.

MAINE.

The Forty-eighth Annual Meeting of the Maine Dental Society will be held on June 25-27, 1913, at Cushing Island, Portland Harbor, Maine.—I. E. PENBLETON, *Secretary*.

MICHIGAN.

The next regular meeting of the Michigan State Board of Dental Examiners will be held at the dental college, Ann Arbor, commencing Monday, June 16th and continue through the 21st.—F. E. SHARP, *Secretary*.

MISSOURI.

The next Annual Meeting of the National Association of Dental Faculties will take place at the Hotel Baltimore, Kansas City, Mo., beginning at 10 A.M. on Friday, July 4th. The Executive Committee will meet at 9 o'clock on the same morning at the same place.—B. HOLLY SMITH, *Chairman*.

MONTANA.

The Montana State Board of Dental Examiners will hold their Annual Session in Helena, Mont., July 14-17.—G. A. CHEVIGNY, Butte, Mont., *Secretary*.

NEW JERSEY.

The Forty-third Annual Convention of the New Jersey State Dental Society will be held in the Beach Auditorium at Asbury Park, N. J., July 16-18, 1913, beginning on Wednesday, July 16, at 10 A.M.—EDWIN W. HARLAN, 47 Crescent Ave., Jersey City, *Secretary*.

NORTH DAKOTA.

The next regular meeting of the North Dakota Board of Dental Examiners will be held in Fargo, July 8th-10th.—F. A. BRICKER, *Secretary*.

OHIO.

The Fifty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Northern Ohio Dental Association will be held at Cleveland, Ohio, June 5-7, 1913.—C. I. PECK, *Secretary*.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The next regular examination of the Pennsylvania State Board of Dental Examiners will be held in Philadelphia and Pittsburgh on June 11-14, 1913. Application blanks can be secured from the Department of Public Instruction, Harrisburg.—A. H. REYNOLDS, 4630 Chester Ave., Philadelphia, *Secretary*.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Forty-third Annual Meeting of the South Carolina State Dental Association will be held on The Isle of Palms, June 25-27, 1913.—W. BUSEY SIMMONS, Piedmont, *Recording Secretary*.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

The Thirty-first Annual Meeting of the South Dakota State Society will be held at Watertown, So. Dak., May 13-14, 1913.—A. O. STUTENROTH, Watertown, So. Dak., *Secretary*.

TENNESSEE.

The Tennessee State Dental Association will hold its annual meeting in Nashville, June 5-7, 1913.—C. OSBORNE RHEA, Nashville, *Secretary*.

TEXAS.

The next regular meeting of the Texas State Board of Dental Examiners will be held in the High School Building, Houston, Texas, beginning Monday, June 23, 1913, at 9 A.M. Official application blanks and other necessary information will be furnished candidates upon application to the Secretary, C. M. McCauley, Abilene, Texas.

UTAH.

The Twenty-second Annual Meeting of the Utah State Dental Society will be held in Salt Lake City on June 23d-24th.—W. G. DALRYMPLE, Ogden, Utah, *Secretary*.

VERMONT.

The next meeting of the Vermont Board of Dental Examiners, for the examination of candidates to practise in Vermont, will be held at the State House, Montpelier, June 30, 1913, continuing four days. Application must be in the hands of the Secretary not later than June 20th. For information, apply to GEORGE F. CHENEY, St. Johnsbury, Vt., *Secretary*.

VIRGINIA.

The Fifteenth Annual Meeting of the Southern Branch of the National Dental Association will be held at the Chamberlin Hotel, Old Point Comfort, Va., July 22d-25th, inclusive. The Virginia State Dental Society will meet conjointly with the Southern Branch at that time.—THOMAS MOORE, Branch of National Dental Association.

WASHINGTON.

The Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Washington State Dental Society will be held in Seattle June 16th-18th.

WEST VIRGINIA.

The Seventh Annual Meeting of the West Virginia State Dental Society will be held in the Assembly Room of the Chancellor Hotel, Parkersburg, W. Va., Aug. 13-15, 1913.—FRANK L. WRIGHT, *Secretary*.

WISCONSIN.

On account of the conflicting dates of the National Dental Association, the Wisconsin State Dental Society will hold its Forty-third Annual Meeting, July 22d-24th, at Madison, Wis.—O. G. KRAUSE, *Secretary*.

WYOMING.

The Wyoming State Board of Dental Examiners will meet for examination of applicants on the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of July, 1913, at Cheyenne, Wyo.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., OF THE
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THE DENTISTS' SUPPLY COMPANY,

JOHN R. SHEPPARD, *Sec'y & Treas.*

Sworn to and subscribed before me this
24th day of March, 1913.

(Seal)

HERBERT V. DIKE,
Notary Public,

New York County No. 102.
Register's No. 4130.
(My commission expires March 30, 1914.)

NATIONAL DENTAL ASSOCIATION, 1913 MEETING

The 1913 Session of the National Dental Association will be held in Kansas City, Mo., July 8th-11th. The reorganization of the Association should make this the most important meeting in its history. Every State Society that has met since the new Constitution and By-Laws was adopted at the Washington meeting, has voted to become a Constituent Society, and we can all appreciate the influence of such an organization if all the State Societies take similar action.

The officers and committees have been active in preparing an exceptionally interesting program. At this date the following Literary Program is tentatively announced:

Dr. Frank O. Hetrick, Ottawa, Kan., "President's Address"; Dr. Adolph Fenchel, Hamburg, Germany (subject to be announced later); Dr. Weston A. Price, Cleveland, Ohio, "Scientific Foundation Fund"; Dr. Roscoe A. Day, San Francisco, Cal., "Orthodontia and Its Relation to Dentistry"; Dr. Marcus L. Ward, Ann Arbor, Mich., "Metallurgy"; Dr. Richard L. Simpson, Richmond, Va., "Unbanded vs. Banded Crowns"; Dr. Percy H. Howe, Boston, Mass., "The Saliva"; Dr. Arthur D. Black, Chicago, Ill., "Something of the Etiology and Early Pathology of Diseases of the Peridental Membrane, with Suggestions as to Treatment"; Dr. Hermann Prinz, Philadelphia, Pa., "A Preliminary Report on Action of As_2O_3 "; Dr. Howard R. Raper, Indianapolis, Ind., "The Value of the Radiograph in the Practice of Modern Dentistry"; Dr. G. S. Junkerman, Cincinnati, Ohio, "Dental Educational Harmony"; Dr. Clarence J. Grieves, Baltimore, Md., "Periapical Infections"; Dr. Burton Lee Thorpe, St. Louis, Mo., "Prophylaxis"; Dr. H. B. Tileston, Louisville, Ky., "Diagnosis and Treatment of Diseases of the Dental Pulp."

The Clinic Committee has been very energetic in preparing their program and we have reason to expect that they will present a very strong list of clinicians. The local committee of arrangements are providing ample facilities for a large meeting and have selected the Baltimore Hotel as headquarters. Those desiring to make hotel reservations in advance should address the Baltimore Hotel, or the Chairman of Local Committee of Arrangements, Dr. Charles C. Allen, Kansas City, Mo.

All reputable practitioners of Dentistry and Medicine are cordially invited to attend this meeting.—FRANK O. HETRICK, Ottawa, Kansas, *President*; HOMER C. BROWN, 185 East State Street, Columbus, Ohio, *Recording Secretary*.